

**RADICAL SHEIKH**  
 WHO MAKES THE RULES? WHO MAKES THE RULES?  
**GRAPHICS**  
 \$2.50  
 BOY!

# FANCIES!

VIOLENCE STAINED TALE OF LUST, LATE GUESTS, CHEAP RECEPTIONS, USELESS PRESENTS  
**TRUE WEDDING GROOMS!**

**OFAL ELECTRIC FLAP!**



**BLOOD AND BOUQUETS!**

I CAN'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE, DORIS!

YOU'RE NOT THE WOMAN I MARRIED!!!!

BUT surely DAVID I  
haven't CHANGED  
THAT MUCH? ♡





SPECIAL  
RADICAL  
SHIEKH  
GRAPHICS  
CHRISTMAS  
FREE-B!

SWAN-  
TAKE  
IT!!!

# ELECTRIC FERRARI

#15  
2!

WITH THOSE LOVABLE  
WAGS, THE  
WEIRD STRESS  
KITTENS!

DO YOU KNOW MOST  
COMIC READERS ARE  
REALLY FREAKING  
STUNNED?

LOOK  
AROUND!



I BRING MYRRH.

Tik Tik Tik Tik

YES, YOU ARE,  
JESUS~  
YES YOU ARE!

I'VE COME BACK IN TIME TO  
MY BIRTH TO STOP JUDAS  
THE BETRAYERS CYBANDROT  
FROM KILLING ME IN THE  
MANGER.

BUT AM I  
TOO LATE?

## CYBER CHRIST ALONE!!

INSIDE!  
MORE  
TRADING  
CARDS  
FOR SOCIALLY  
DYSFUNCTIONAL  
DWEEBSS!!

PLUS  
ROCKET  
JOHN  
THE BAPTIST!

FALL, BAPTIST!

FALL TO THE CHARMS  
OF SALOME!!

MUST-NOT-  
GIVE-IN!!



G. TASHWORTH/12/88

NEW JERUSALEM AFTER THE CRISIS!  
EVIL IS WRENCHING FROM THE  
PORES OF EVERY STONE!

FOR IT IS HERE THAT THE IMPERFECT STATE HAS BEEN HIGH CURED BY  
DOXYGLEETCHES OF MACABOROUS INTENT! RAMPANT NEFARIOUSNESS SET  
IN MOTION BY **JUDAS THE BETRAYER OF TIME!!!**

**CYBER  
CHRIST OF  
VIRTUAL  
RELI-  
GION!**

HOLD, JUDAS! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DISTURB THE  
TELEOLOGICAL FORCES OF FAITH! YOUR WARPED PERCEPTIONS  
OF TIME WILL DESTROY THE BASIS OF MAN'S BEAUTIFUL STEPS  
TO PERFECTION - YOU - WHAT THE? HE'S NOT LISTENING!!

**PETER-SKRAG!**  
**HIM!!!**

AND DON'T FORGET ME, - SNAVE  
YET COOL 'M-M-L-J'- DEMONSTRATES  
'FUNKY' WRITEMAN -

**THE FOUR  
IN ONE  
MAN!**

TOO LATE, CHILD OF THE NEW GOD! THE  
WANE AND WOOF AND THE UNRELENTING  
STREAMS OF DIGITALUS UNPRECEDING HAVE  
DISBANDED TO EDDIES OF DIMENSIONAL  
CHAFF!! THANKS TO~

**MISTER ID IN THE KUNKY  
BOX! POWER UNIMAGINED  
TAKEN TO THE ULTIMATE  
NULL!**

I'LL GET HIM, LORD -  
-HOLD IT, PETER-  
THAT 'Q' IS REAL  
'X' TAKEN TO A  
MAXIMUM CRUNCH!

A SPORE TAKEN FROM THE  
HALFS OF 'HEA-VEN' ITSELF IS  
IN ITSELF CORRUPTION!  
(IT MUST BE SAVED!)

**DO NOT DENY ME  
PETER!**

I WOULD NEVER DENY YOU, JESUS!!  
YES, YOU WILL, PETER! IT IS WRITTEN!  
FOR I AM THE FOUR IN ONE WHO  
KNOWS! IT IS YOUR DESTINY!!!



NO ~ THERE  
IS A WAY ~  
THERE IS  
ANOTHER!!

JUDAS - YOU THINK ONLY OF HATE AND ULTIMATE WAR, FOUGHT WITH ULTIMATE  
TECHNOLOGIES ~ A FINAL STRUGGLE IN WHICH FRENZIED GODS VANISHED WITH  
THEIR GODS IN FLAMES OF HATE ~ HATE IN TRIUMPH! HATE IN THE SADDLE!!  
HATE SO STRONG IF WAS ABLE TO SALVAGE AND 'GIVE' HALF LIFE TO THE  
THOUGHTS AND VOICE OF ITS GREATEST DISCIPLE!! POWER GUIDES YOUR HORROR  
WITH INCREASING INNOVATION INTO NEW FORMS OF TUMESCENCE!!! \*

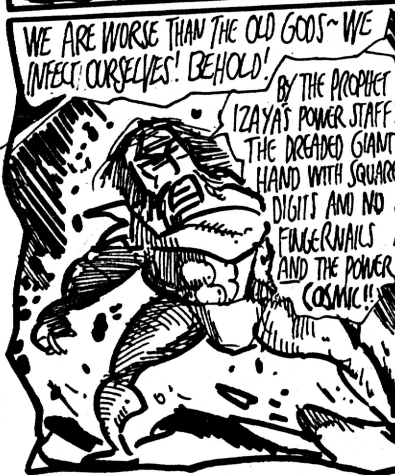


HA HA HA HA HA CHOD OF GOD, YOU  
THINK OF US AS OLD GODS!!??

THAT'S 'GQ' AND THAT'S NO 'RANK', JUDAS!!

SEE 'WORLD'S WORST COMICS'  
#2, KITCHEN SINK PRESS FOR  
THESE 'SWIMPS' - GA -

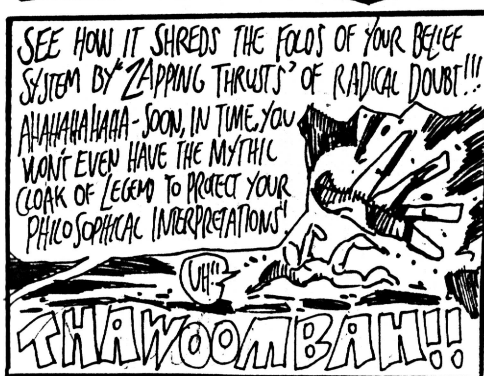
WE ARE WORSE THAN THE OLD GODS ~ WE  
INFECT OURSELVES! BEHOLD!



BY THE PROPHET  
IZAYA'S POWER STAFF!  
THE DREADED GIANT  
HAND WITH SQUARE  
DIGITS AND NO  
FINGERNAILS  
AND THE POWER  
COSMIC!!!

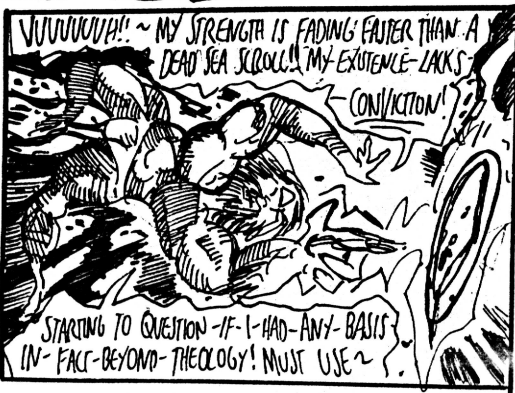


SEE HOW IT SHREDS THE FOLDS OF YOUR BELIEF  
SYSTEM BY 'ZAPPING THRUSTS' OF RADICAL DOUBT!!!  
AAAAAAAAHAAA - SOON, IN TIME, YOU  
WON'T EVEN HAVE THE MYTHIC  
CLOAK OF LEGEND TO PROTECT YOUR  
PHILOSOPHICAL INTERPRETATIONS!



THWOOOMBAH!!

VUUUUUUH!! ~ MY STRENGTH IS FADING FASTER THAN A  
DEAD SEA SCROLL ~ MY EXISTENCE ZAKS



CONFUSION!!

STARTING TO QUESTION - IF I HAD ANY BASIS  
IN - FACT - BEYOND - THEOLOGY! MUST USE ~

**THE HOLOHAL HOOP FLUXASHTJUMPER!**  
 A DEVICE THAT GOES BEYOND DIMENSIONAL FINITIES  
 TO DIFFERENTIAL ULTIMATES!! THE 'UNI-FRIEND' OF  
 ALL WHO REFUTE THE 'LIVES' OF THE DECEIVERS~  
 A FRIEND AGAINST THE ANTI FAITH OF THE 'ULTIMASS'!

I MUST INTERPOLE MY 'L' CONNECTION TO MY QUAD-  
 RANT OF THE 'WORDFLESH' MADE 'AL'MAN'!!  
 TAKE ME BEYOND THE GREGORIAN CALENDER  
 GIANTS OF SECTOR JAK-T-CHIK! TO~



-NEW BETHELEHEM ~ BEFORE THE BLITZ FIELD YEAR ZERO!  
 HERE BEYOND THE MAGNOPSIS THE TECHDOSHEPHERDS WATCH  
 THEIR SILICON SHEEPS! WHEN TWO AWESOME GAGACRIC CONSEQU-  
 ENCES PALE THE BLUE MANTLES OF THE STARRY CELESTIAL!!



BACK AT THE TIME OF MY BIRTH! NOW I'LL SET  
 THINGS~WAIT!~THAT'S NO STAR~BY JOHN~



IT'S A PARADEATH  
 SATTELITE PREPARING  
 TO MEGADRAM ALL OF



I CAN'T SUSTAIN THIS  
 LEVEL OF ~INCOHERENCE~

MY INCOHERENCE  
 IS FINE~ BUT  
 SOMEONE ELSE'S?



AND THERE'S PEOPLE  
 THAT DO THIS EVERY  
 DAY ~ KIDS WHO  
 WANT TO DO THIS~

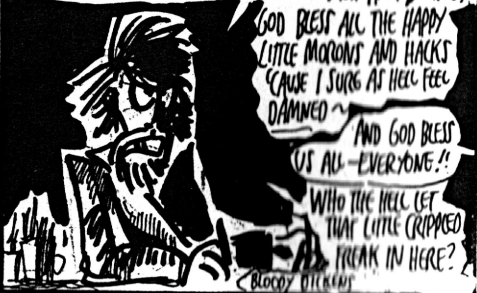
I CAN'T GET MY  
 HEAD AROUND  
 IT~



SHIT LIKE THAT  
 TAKES NO CREA-  
 TIVE THOUGHT!



~AND I-CAN'T-STOP-THINKING! JEESH! COULA YEARS BACK WHEN  
 I WAS FIRST STARTING OUT SOME GUY ASKED ME TO 'ILLU-  
 TRATE' HIS IDEA - A 23rd CENTURY COP TEAM 'NOT SUPERHEROES'  
 A CROSS BETWEEN 'ROBOCOP' AND THE 'UNTOUCHABLES' CHRIST- I  
 WAS ACTUALLY GONNA DO IT UNTIL I THOUGHT 'WHAT AM I DOING?'





# The CHRONICLES of the TROWELFALL GEMSTONE.

part the fourth: GLUNDENSMEAR LEPROUSAW'S TALE OF THE THIRD AGESSZZZZZZ

For the last battle of NROTHJUH, fought on the plains KNUNTHUNDEL, where the armies of PEARLSHEDMORT, VLUGUNTURBED, and HASTI-SXALXCESS, had battled the hordes of KHARD-SHORU-VVAFULDEK, and SHENFENN - nearly destroyed by the DAGONS of ORIGAMI-UTENSUILL'S, the CLANS of the EASTERN VENTECLATCH, and the SMORTS of KNUCKLETHRUSHES, MONHERDS of TUFFLUHUCK, led by the FINDANGLE STONEKING of the THIRDOQUATTAH, SCORETHATCOAL, RAVRIRRA under the influence of the CHIMEERI-DEERLADENLADEN, not to mention SOCCERVHANS of ROMANDRUNKS IN VULVAS, and OH, THE HELLY WITH IT~

AFTER THE BATTLE, THE STEREOTYPES WITH MYTHOLOGICAL GENEALOGY HIED TO THE TOLKIENSTREE FORESTS OF GHAMAHS~

COME~ LET US REST UNDER THE DICE OF MANY SIDES UNTIL NIGHT FALLS~

HOW HE DO DAT? IS HE A CRIPPLE OR SOMETHING?

NO HE'S A GREAT WIZARD AND A BLEEDING SHOWOFF~



Float Float Float Float

THEY GOT JOHNNY THE HOBBIT~

GOOD THING, TOO. BLOODY SILLY HOBBIT SONGS WERE DRIVING ME ~HARK! WE HAVE DISTURBED THE INDIGENOUS FRIENDLY FOREST CREATURES~

MEN WILL DIE FOR THIS. AND THOSE WHATCHAMACALITS, TOO. FOR I AM AKIMBO, SON OF SVEN THE HOG-SPLITTER~

FOR SINCE I HAVE SWORN A SACRED OATH AGAINST TANTA-MOUNT, THE INSINCERE ONE, FOR KILLING MY FATHER~



WE EAT!

RUN BIG THINGS!

FLUTTER FLUTTER FLUTTER FLUTTER

TUG! TUG!



- 1- COPYRIGHT~FROM THE TRADEMARK.
- 2- FROM THE IRISH 'MORRIGAN' AND THE HINDU 'MA'EE' AS IN 'KALKE MA'EE'.
- 3- 'ATEN' FROM THE EGYPTIAN, 'MULCH' FROM THE ENGLISH, 'LEWELYN' FROM THE IRISH, ASQUR FROM THE ROMAN, RUS FROM THE SAME, DUDE FROM CALIFORNIA, AS IN 'HON' IF HANKING, TALL EVIL DUDE~

THERE SHALL BE END TO THIS WAR~THE  
WAR THAT BEGAN FOR ME WHEN MY PEACE-  
FUL VILLAGE OF MAESTEMPTES A LO THOSE  
MANY YEARS AGO~LEAVING IN THEIR  
WAKE THE HORRORS OF BARBECUED BOYS ON  
SHARDS OF GLASS, STAPLED ANSWER PAGES IN  
THE BACKS OF MATHEMATICS BOOKS~AND~

MY FAMILY VIOLATED, MY SISTER  
VALENCIA SPERMFREE-HOMOPHOBIC!  
AND MY OWN WOMANHOOD TWIST-  
ED INTO SOME CONTEMPARY  
SEXUAL IMPACTING!

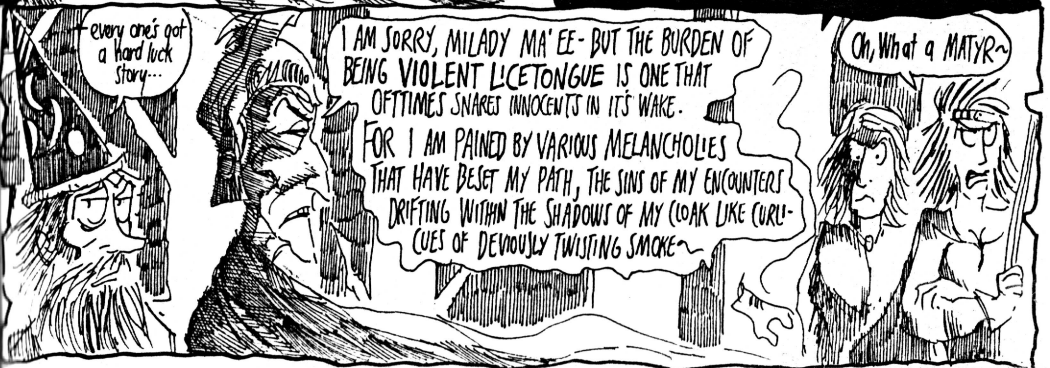
YES! THERE'S IS NOTHING BUT  
HACK N' CHOP AND KICKEMINNAHED  
AND THE REST OF THE CLAN GOUR-  
DLANGSLUGSWIFFDRIFTINGRR~  
WE SHALL NOT REST  
UNTIL~

PHLYSH NAWVIAH  
STINPPAGPH!



BY COMMENTARY SARDONICUS, WILL YOU **STOP**  
THAT FLIPPING, FLAPPING COAK, YOU  
BLEEDIN', BROODING BASTARD!!!

~THERE'S NOT EVEN A BREEZE  
AROUND!!





FOR SINCE THE FALL OF THE CRYSTAL CITY OF SNAELI GUDS<sup>4</sup>, I HAVE SPARE TIME FOR THE JOYS THAT BEGET YOU. FOR WHEN MY BROTHER YKROONOS<sup>5</sup> DEALT WITH THE KAODAE<sup>6</sup> MONS OF TWELVE BOARD LEVEL, THE SKIENS OF THE DESTINY CARD-DECK WERE DEALT~

SSSSSURRE~

DON'T STOP ME, MADAM, I'M ON A ROLL~



THE CARD DECK OF THE SLY DEVENT<sup>7</sup> TICHY<sup>8</sup> WHO ENFOLDED AND DEALT ME A DESTINY I COULD NOT CONTROL! MY FATE BEGAN WHEN I KILLED MY HALF COUSIN AND LOVER KYRRO<sup>9</sup>S, WHILST MY BROTHER'S SOUL SKITTERED TO A DARKSOME HELL AFTER I SLEW HIM AFTER HIS VILE TRICK. ~BUT WHY DID I SLAY MY LOVER, YOU ASK? TO, LONG HAVE BEEN THE NIGHTS~< etc. etc.?

I THINK YOUR STORY'S EVER SO MUCH MORE INTERESTING~

STOP JUCKING UP~



~FOR THEN, THE CRYSTAL CITY OF SNAELI GUDS<sup>4</sup> FELL TO THE INTO THE WATERS OF DAE'S REPUTE<sup>10</sup> ~THE TRANQUIL WATERS SHATTERED BY THE FRAGMENTS OF A GOLDEN AGE THAT~

WHAT SORT OF CULTURE WOULD BUILD A CRYSTAL CITY ON A LAKE??



A CULTURE OF MYSTICS, NOT COUNCIL PLANNERS, TWERP!!~ NOW~ I STILL HEAR THE SCREAMS OF THE SOULS~ FOR-EVER IMPRISONED WITHIN THE REMAINS I CARRY TO REMIND ME OF MY SIN~

YOU'RE JUST MAKING THAT UP!! THAT'S JUST CHEAP ANGST!!



I AM NOT!! LOOK YE, FOR I HAVE THE REMAINS OF THAT CRYSTAL CITY~ WHICH I WILL HOLD UNTIL I HAVE FREED THEIR SOULS!



DO YOU WANT TO BUY ONE?



AWAY WITH YOUR BAUBLES, FOR THEY BE AS CHEAP PASTE~



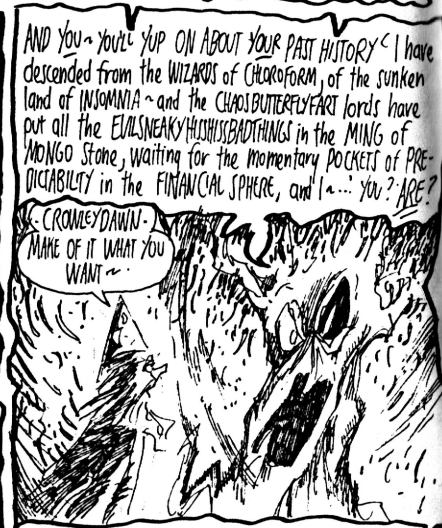
4 \* - FROM THE ELURSH TONGUE, TULGINDE, THAT OF THE EASTERN ELVES AS RECOUNTED IN THE TALES OF SNAELDEWING, THE FAIR TO MIDDLING, - MEANING MULTI FUNCTIONAL POLIS AND LOTS OF BAD ARCHITECTURE WITH NONSENSICAL USE OF SPACE, HORRIBLE MUZAK, AND BAD FASHION PARADES;  
5 - BORN ON THE EASTERN SEAS OF THE FAR LANDS OF ANGRAK-SIK, HALF COUSIN TO LOTINGAR MATING<sup>11</sup> MRSNIFUR, OF THE EASTERN, CONJOINT OWNER OF THE KINGDOM ~ DO YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW THIS?  
6 - YES - I THOUGHT YOU'D LOOK TWICE...





- FROM THE WELSH STORY OF BRANWEN, DAUGHTER OF LLYR, WHICH ENDS WITH THIS BIG FEAST IN FRONT OF THE SEVERED HEAD OF BRAN THE BLESSED ~ WHICH I'M SURE MADE EVERYONE MIGHTY HUNGRY.

- THROTTLESWOGG, WHO THOUGHT THAT IF HE WENT LOOKING FOR A PRETTY GIRL, HE'D GET TO THE UNDERWORLD SOONER. IT WASN'T A SEX THING ~ NO, NOT AT ALL - SEX IS WAY OUT OF THIS FANTASY BELIEF SYSTEM! NO SEX AT ALL IN THESE OLD MYTHS! WE GOT ~ FERTILITY RITES ~ FERTILITY RITES BY THE BUSHLEFUL! ~



WOW~ YOU'RE REFRESHING! I'LL GO GET YOU SOME MAPS~ hey~ I MAKE A MEAN CAFFEE~ WANT SOME?

MUCH OBLIGED~

PEDRO? WHERE THE HELL DO YOU GET 'PEDRO?' SOME-

I HAVE TRAVELED MANY~

YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS~

C'MON, MORRIGAN SHOW ME YOUR MYTHOLOGICAL GEMALOGY! SHOW ME YOUR CHARIS~

I'VE GOT A BODICEA! MUCHA PICHU ON MY SIDE, MAGGOT WASTE~ SO JUST WATCH~!!~

BY HELL'S SCARLET BOWELS, FRIEND SQUAT PERSON~ THE ADVENTURES WE'VE HAD~

SHH~ CRUNCH!!

DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME WE WERE TRAPPED ON AËI GUARD'S SILVER LANDSHIP~ DECAINED AS WE WERE OFF THE NAMELESS ILIËS, WITH NAUGHT TO EAT BUT STINKING FISH HEADS~ WHEN THE ROTGUTDEAD SLAVES ROSE FROM THE DEEP~ AND I, ARMED WITH ONLY A FOUR WEEK GROWTH, AND YOU, LONG NAILS, LAID WASTE TO THEIR SOULS TO SOME DARK SOME HELL~

SUFFLE~ SUFFLE

BEING AN ALCOHOLIC PRONE TO BLACKOUT~ NO~

HAHAHAHA! A GOOD JEST, FRIEND LOKAR~ YOU~ THE "HST!"~ DO YOU HEAR THAT?

WHAT'S TO HEAR?

THE S-I-L-E-N-C-E~ SILENCE, YOU MONKRELSH! CAN YOU NOT HEAR THE ROARING SILENCE?

THE SILENCE OF~ THE SHADOWHELVES!!

THERE~ Where no noise comes from~

They surround us~ CAN YOU HEAR THEM? STEALTH, STEALTH, STEALTH, STEALTH, STEALTH~

STEALTH STEALTH STEALTH STEALTH STEALTH

HEAR THEM~ FEETING SNEAKING IN THE TREES~ PERFECT FEET~ HIDING IN SHADOW~ SWIFT SWIFT SWIFT SWIFT SWIFT

FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET

LIKE BREEZES AMONG LEAVES~ WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST

WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST

WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST

WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST WHIST

~they come~

WING FLYING ZWOOT ZWING FLYING KANG THONG THWOONG!!

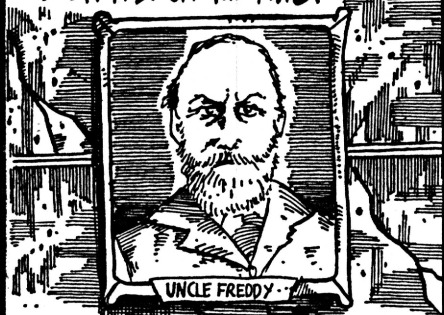
THEY'RE COMING FROM WHERE ALL THE SILENT SOUNDS ARE!!~ WHAT STRATEGY?







IN 1901, FREDERIC MYERS, FOUNDER  
MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY FOR PHYSICAL  
RESEARCH IN BRITAIN (devoted to the  
study of spiritualism and ghosts) —  
DROPPED OFF THE TWIG!



HE SWORE HE WOULD CONTACT HIS  
COLLEAGUES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD  
TO PROVE OF LIFE IN THE HEREAFTER!!  
—or Thereafter~or Whatafter-Aw, skip it~

~SURE ENOUGH~

THE S.P.R RECEIVED COPIOUS CORRESPONDENCE  
THROUGH MEDIUMS FROM THE ELOQUENT MYERS..



STRANGELY~ ALL SEEMED TO BE  
COMPOSED OF UNINTELLIGIBLE GIBBERISH~

~BUT THIS NEVER STOPPED  
THE HARDENED INVESTIGATORS~



CARRUTHERS-YOUR  
GLIBNESS IS UNCALLED  
FOR -BUT YOU ARE  
RIGHT NONE-THE-LESS-

WE'RE GOING TO  
HAVE A HARD TIME  
CONVINCING PEOPLE  
OF THE VERACITY  
OF THESE MISSIVES.

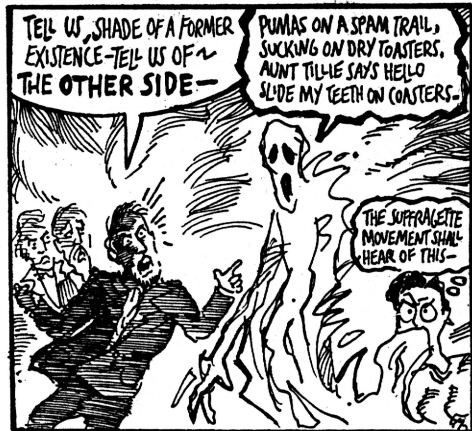
LAST TIME  
IT WAS A  
SHOPPING  
LIST-

GROCERIES IN  
THE AFTERLIFE,  
DANIEL- WHAT  
A COMFORTING  
THOUGHT FOR  
PEOPLE TO CONSIDER-

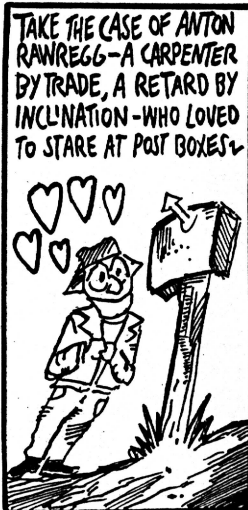
I DON'T THINK  
"WHAT IS THE  
PRICE OF SAUSAGES  
IN POLAND" IS  
EXACTLY HELPFUL  
OR COMFORTING,  
DO YOU?

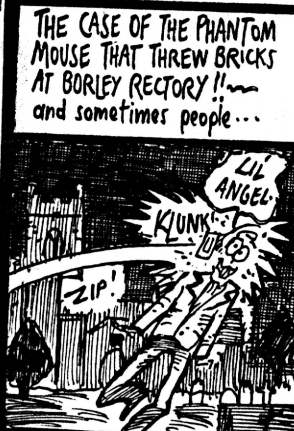
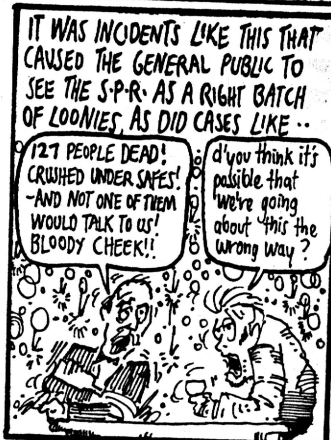
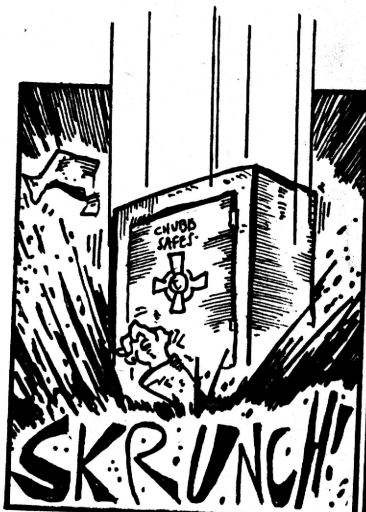
MRS PRICE~  
WILL YOU PLEASE  
REFRAIN FROM  
VOMITING TISSUES-  
THIS IS MENT TA-



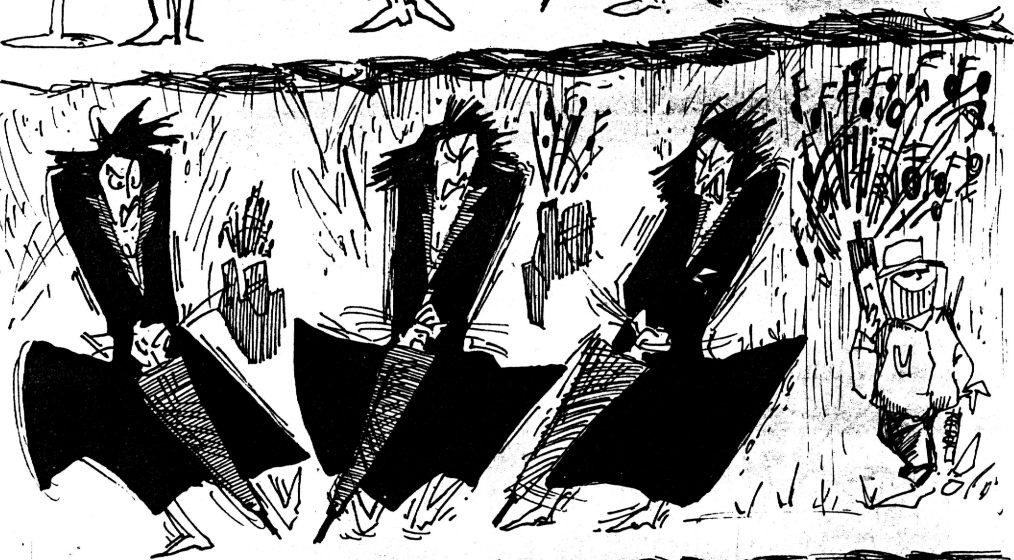
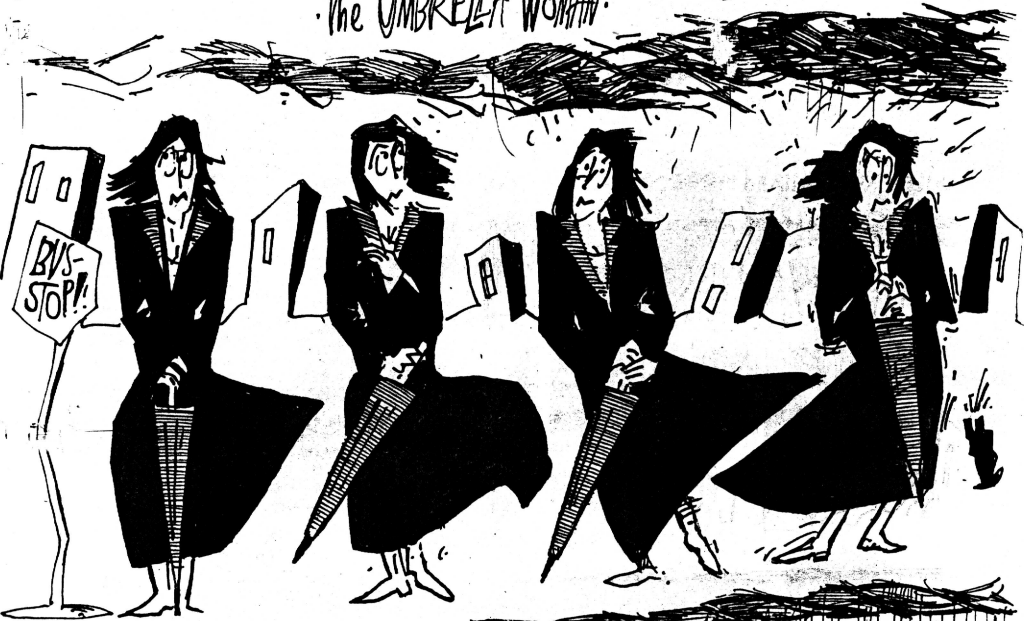


-DEATH MAKES YOU A COMPLETE FUCKING IMBEC'LE. THOSE WERE STRANGE DAYS, THE 20TH CENTURY WOULD SURGE EVER ONWARDS, BRINGING HUMAN STUPIDITY TO EVEN GREATER HEIGHTS! BUT STILL THERE WAS NEWS OF DANCING COUCHES, LAMP SHADES SPEAKING IN TONGUES, FISH READING NEWSPAPERS...

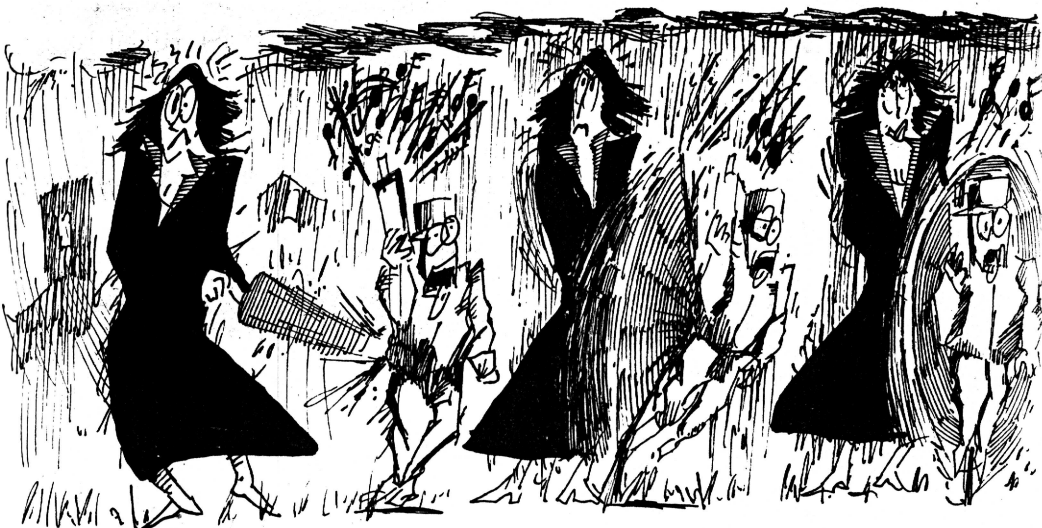
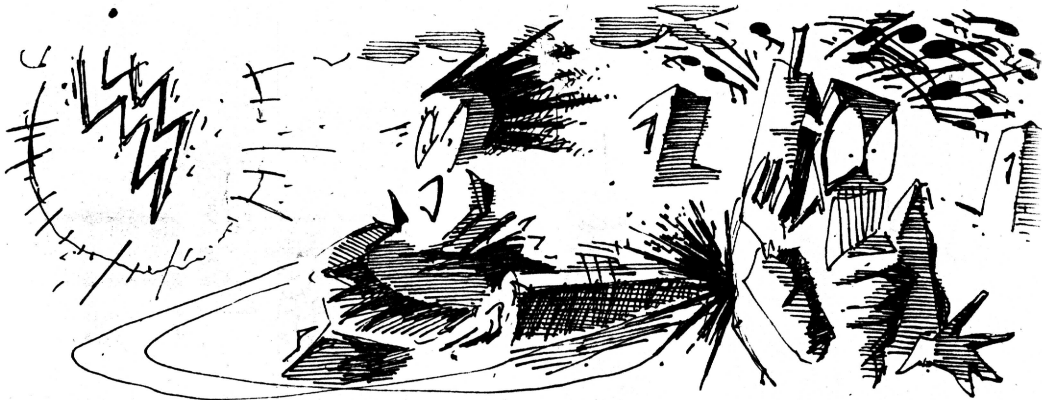




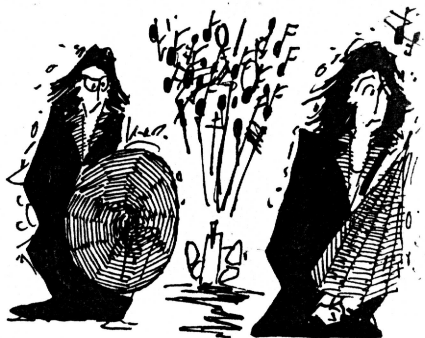
# The UMBRELLA WOMAN.











GHZ

**GOD HELL—WHAT IS THIS??**

HEY—THIS IS A SECRET GOVERNMENT PARTY—IT ALL MAKES SENSE—THEY MUST HAVE THOUGHT I WAS SUPPLYING...

**SNAP!**

NO WONDER THAT FRENCH CRETIN KEPT SAYING 'YOU WAR INVITURD'

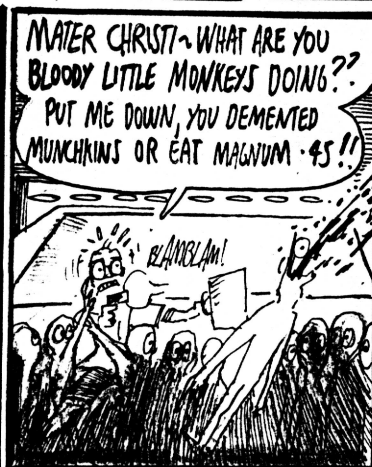
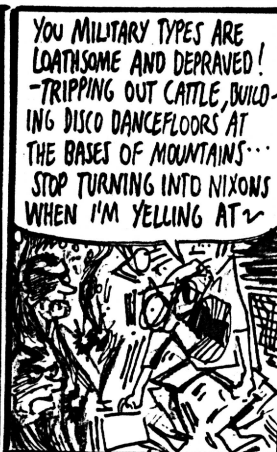
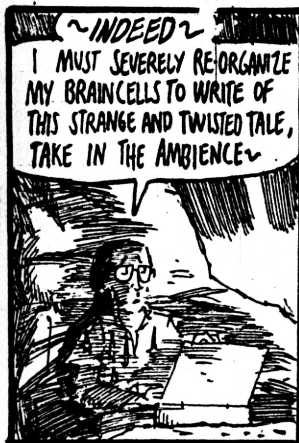
This is not a drill...

Watch the Step...

...wasted a perfectly good silver paper-weight from Vegas by lodging it in his skull...

**WHY, THOSE BASTARDS MUST BE OUT OF THEIR TINY MILITARY MINDS SETTING ALL THIS UP AND HAVING ALL THOSE CHOPPERS DROP DRUGS—** Why, I could write a twisted treatise on this...





ONE DAY MAX SENATE BEGAN  
TO STARE AT A LIGHT BULB.



FOR HOURS HE WOULD STARE IN  
AWESOME AND WONDER AT THE  
MIRACLE OF LIGHT!



A BAD HABIT - FOR PROLONGED  
VIEWING CAN BURN OUT  
YOUR EYES!



SO MUCH FOR THAT IDIOT ~ FOR THIS A STORY ABOUT PEOPLE -- THE PEOPLE OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD --



PEOPLE  
LIKE..



SIMON FEELT  
SINCERE STOCK BOY  
WITH A SMILE...  
AND A DARK  
SECRET IN HIS  
PAST HE WOULD NOT  
SHARE - BUT PROBABLY  
INVOLVES DRUGS  
AND A CAR CRASH  
INTO A BUS FULL OF  
QUADRUPLEX KIDS--  
AND A TERRIER..



KITTY McDONALD, THE  
WELL LOVED BUT SEMILE  
OLD BAT CANCER VICTIM  
WHOSE HOMESpun  
WISDOM REALLY SHOULD  
DRIVE PEOPLE UP THE  
BLEEDING WALL.. BUT THEY  
JUST ALL STAND AROUND  
NOODING AND GRUNNING  
LIKE IDIOTS BECAUSE  
THEY'RE ALL PISSED  
MOST OF THE TIME..



SUE DIPCHET THE POCKY  
AND DETERMINED YOUNG  
WIDOW AND PARENT TO  
SEVERAL ADOPTED TEENAGERS.  
SHE IS A ROLE-MODEL FOR  
ALL MOTHERS EVEN THO' SHE  
IS SEVERELY TRANCED OUT BY  
VALIUM AND IS ON THE VERGE  
OF CRACKING UP AND SETTING  
FIRE TO HER HOUSE TO RID  
THE WORLD OF ALL THE  
HORRID ADOLESCENT BASTARDS...

YES - this a story  
about PEOPLE..

...for idiots.

BLOODY NORA! MISON DAVES TURNING  
INTO A DEMON  
FROM BLOODY HELL!

JEEZUZ-Y' SHOULD  
SEE IT- EF'N  
A-MAZIN'



BLOODY NORA! HE'S GONE OUT  
ON A BLOODTHIRSTY RAGE!  
I KNEW THERE WAS A CATCH  
WHEN I SOLD HIS SOUL TO THE  
ELDRITCH GODS SO SOUTH'S  
COULD WIN THE GRAND FINAL

DAVE- MY  
MIND IS  
GOING.  
I CAN FEEL IT



bloody shut up  
and get some  
valium, NORA

get me a  
funny  
while u'  
at it



THIS AD HAS BEEN INTRODUCED AT A PIVOTAL POINT JUST TO REALLY ANNOY YOU.

USING ANCIENT TECHNIQUES FATHER DAVE  
TRY'S TO ABJURE THE EVIL INTRUDER-

SCOOTKAT MAKTRAX HITDRHODE PISSOWSKI  
GWAN GED ODDATHERE I INVOKE THE  
SPIRIT OF BING CROSBY TOORAH LOORAH  
TOORAH LOORAH LOORAH LOO GOING MY WAY  
NOTICE ME DANA-DARN IT!

THE REALM OF  
ELDRITCH GODS-

GIVE HIM ANYONE  
FOR RAPHAEL'S  
SAKE! I'M BUSY!

AH-SUMON-  
FECESTED  
WE'VE BEEN  
WAITING  
FOR YOU..

ER-UHM. I COULDN'T GE, YOUR SON'S  
SOUL BACK... I JUST HAD TO MAKE  
DO WITH WHAT I COULD GET....

THE ISRAELI WHO  
OWN THE MINK BAR  
WONT LIKE THIS..

HELL MYSELF  
HELL MYSELF  
HELL MYSELF

SWAY  
DANSY  
DANSY  
GIVE  
AND  
YOUR  
ANSWERS  
DO..

SORRY I'VE PAID A MONTH'S RENT IN ADVANCE  
FOR THIS BODY- WADNA READ THE CONTRACT?

IT WUZ THE  
TERRIER WOT DUNNIT-

SOON LITTLE DAVID HITLER TOOK  
THE HUMDRUM LITTLE AREA BY  
STORM AND DRUNG AND TORCH..

AND THIS EXCITING LIFE COULD BE YOURS! TIRED OF A SOAP OPERATIC EXISTENCE??

Read this story if  
you want to...

**"GET IT ALL  
TOGETHER"**

...when you get out  
of the serie;

A FEW MONTHS AFTER ESCAPING THE BROOKSIDE CONCENTRATION  
CAMPS WITH ONLY MY UPPER TORSO INTACT, I MET AN OLD MATE..

PETE, YOU USELESS BLOODY  
CRIPPLE! HOW'S IT GOIN'?

NOT TOO FOUL, JOE. IT'S JUST  
THAT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO  
BE MUCH WORK FOR AN  
ACTOR WHO'S JUST  
A TALKING HEAD

'EY! YOUR EYES ARE VACANT!  
BLACK SOCKETS! FAN-TASTIC!  
HOWSTADDOIT??

SUE DITCHET AND I (HAHA!)  
WOT TOGETHER, SACRIFICED ALL  
HEAR CHILDREN AND SOLD OUR  
SOULS TO SATAN!!

WOW! SO YOUR -ER-  
EYES GOT TAKEN  
... AS WELL??

YEAH-AND SUE LOST HER MIND  
AND WAS STRUCK MUTE! BASTARD!  
BUT HE CAME THROUGH-AND I  
GOT THE KEY PART IN A NEW  
AARON SPELLING PRODUCTION-  
AND SUE SCREWS LIKE CRAZY!

YES! I'M SICK OF BEING A VACUOUS MINDED ROLE MODEL  
FOR A GENERATION OF TV-WEEK ZOMBIE SLUGS!!  
I WANT TO BE:- ☐ RICH JOCK MISOGYNIST BASTARD  
☐ RICH BITCH NYMPHO SLUT  
TICK ONE-REMEMBER LARRY HAGMAN AND JOAN  
COLINS SOLD THEIR SOULS-AND LOOK AT 'EM NOW!  
JET FOR LIFE AND PART OF POPULAR MYTHOLOGY!

**SACRIFICE  
A FRIEND  
NOW!!**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print)  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_

SIGN IN BLOOD AND LEAVE WITH FRIENDS HEART  
ON FRONT DOOR-AND WE'LL GET IN CONTACT WITH  
YOU--ONCE THE PACK'S SEALED YOU WON'T GET YOUR  
SOUL BACK--IN FACT, BY READING THIS YOU'RE DURT ALREADY..

LOOK!! IS THAT GUY  
A \*STAR\*?

PROBABLY SOME IDIOT WHO STARED AT  
A LIGHT BULB FOR TOO LONG SO HE  
COULD TELL PEOPLE HE SOLD HIS SOUL..

ALL THE BLOODY  
TRENDIES ARE  
DOING IT..



# STORIES FROM A TWISTED YOUTH!

## CHAPTER THREE: ~THE YEAR MY THROAT RIPPED~

BY BYRON STRIVER.

"The past is another country; They do laundry differently there, and they make lousy hamburgers." ~SOMEONE.

WHEN I MOVED TO TUCKATAMPE-TOO (ABORIGINAL FOR SOCKS OFF AT THE NEXT BUS-STOP) IN THAT SUMMER OF NINETEEN SIXTY FOUR, I WAS CONSIDERED WEIRD.

YET ~ I KNEW AS I RAN THROUGH THE KILLER WHEATFIELDS WITH MY MACHETE CUTTING A SILVER SWATH AS THE SUN BEAT DOWN UPON ME LIKE A BULLWHIP THAT MY ABILITY TO WRITE NEAT METAPHORS LIKE THAT LAST ONE WOULD GET ME PUBLISHED IN LITERARY JOURNALS IN NO TIME AT ALL...



~AND ONE DAY, I WOULD BE A FAMOUS INSIGNIFICANT AUSTRALIAN WRITER...

~BESIDES, I'D BEEN HIRED TO BE... DIFFERENT. "TYPICAL OUTBACK TOWN SETTING, LACKS LOCAL WEIRD KID." SO 'ALIENATED OUTSIDERS, INC.' GAVE ME A CALL AND OFFERED ME THE JOB. I HIGHLY RECOMMEND THIS AGENCY TO BUDDING YOUNG WRITERS!

SO, WITH MY 'WIDOWER FATHER WITH A HISTORY OF ALCOHOLISM, MENTAL INSTABILITY AND CURIOUS BODY ODOURS' WE MOVED INTO THE TOWN. MY FATHER, DESPITE HIS FAULTS AND WRETCHED SCENT, TRIED HIS BEST TO RAISE ME, BUT HIS VIEWS ON LIFE ALWAYS SEEMED HOPELESSLY SKEWED...

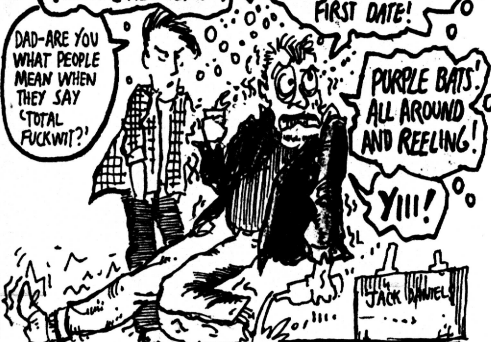
DON'T MUCK AROUND WITH WOMBATS! EVIL, VICIOUS LITTLE BEASTS!

AND FRANCISCAN MONKS! NEVER LET THEM BUY YOU COCKTAILS ON YOUR FIRST DATE!

DAD-ARE YOU WHAT PEOPLE MEAN WHEN THEY SAY 'TOTAL FUCKWIT'?

PURPLE BATS! ALL AROUND AND REELING!

YIII!



SINCE HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO SEND ME TO SCHOOL, I WOULD FOLLOW HIM TO THE PUB WHERE HE WOULD DRINK ALL DAY.

HOLD ON. IF HE COULD AFFORD TO DRINK ALL DAY HE COULD HAVE AFFORDED TO SEND ME TO WHY THAT DRUNKEN OLD BASTARD!

~RIPPED OFF BADLY!~

~STILL, IF I DIDN'T HANG AROUND THE PUB I NEVER WOULD HAVE MET GRUNT AND COLOURFUL TYPES LIKE DIGGER THE DINGO CRUSHER AND LURCH BARTHOLOMEW THE EPILEPTIC BATSMAN. I'D HANG AROUND LISTENING TO THEM UNTIL I FELT CONSTIPATED WITH AUSTRALIANA~

KEEP URANIUM IN THE GROUND!

NO U.S. BASES!

PISS OFF, YOU WEIRD LITTLE BUGGER!

6'DAY



AFTER THEY HAD THROWN ENOUGH TINS AT ME, I WOULD GATHER THEM UP AND GO VISIT 'KANGA' BILL, THE TOKEN ABORIGINAL SHUNNED BY THE TOWNSPEOPLE. WE WOULD DRINK AND HE WOULD TALK OF THE DREAMTIME, OF THE PROUD HERITAGE OF HIS PEOPLE, OF HOW THE WHITE MAN HAD LOST CONTACT WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE LAND, AND HE WOULD END UP GETTING ME TOTALLY PISSED AND STEALING MY SNEAKERS.

-YET I WOULD ALWAYS RETURN FOR ANOTHER BOUT OF SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.

IT WAS INCIDENTS LIKE THIS THAT MADE ME DEVELOP INTO A LIBERAL SIMP WITH A CONFUSED STANCE ON LAND RIGHTS...

## AS BLACK MEN WE NEVER HAD VOLKSWAGONS ~~~

NOOOOOOOO! WHY IS THAT, KANGA?



Legend has it that the great snake ate in the shade of the cheap greek café as the wombat presented it's business resume and enquired about the possibility of selling land lots on the gold coast. MEANWHILE the ghost of GUCCI, the designer platypus bought a casino...

'EY, YOU DRINK UP MATE, 'EY?

-not realizing he had to pay off the hordes of wild corrupt pigs led by NAGASAKI SAM, the Oriental emu. Armed with only a four corners documentary crew, he went into legal battle....

IT WAS MY CONFUSION THAT MADE FRIENDS WITH VERONICA. SHE WAS A FREE SPIRIT WHO FOUND IT SOMEHOW HARD TO RELATE TO OTHER GIRLS-IT WAS LIKE SHE SAW THINGS OTHER PEOPLE DIDN'T...

NAVAJO! ON THE WARPATH! PUT THE WAGONS IN A CIRCLE AND BOIL A BILLY!



SHE WOULD UNBURDEN HER FEARS AND SORROWS TO ME AND WE WOULD TALK OF ALL THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE. SHE NEVER LET ME HAVE IT OFF WITH HER- BUT I RESPECTED HER, ALL RIGHT??!!!! STILL, IT WOULD -ER- HAVE BEEN SORT OF ~NICE~

IT WAS STRANGE TO FIND OUT SHE WAS GOING OUT WITH DENNIS LAWSON, THE TUCKATEMPE SCHOOLS LOCAL THICKHEAD WHO DIDN'T LOOK AT ALL LIKE JAMES DEAN AND WAS RUMOURED TO DO STRANGE THINGS TO CATS TO MAKE THEM WAIL IN THE NIGHT. MENTALLY CRIPPLED AS HE WAS, HE HAD A VAGUE ANIMAL CHARM, SOME SCENT THAT ATTRACTED VERONICA TO HIM LIKE SOME WALLABY HAVING AN INTENSELY MYSTIC EXPERIENCE.

SAY- IS THAT THE GREAT SMELL OF BRUT™?

'EY, WHY YA WRITE S'MUCH.

GET AN EDITOR!



HE WAS AN INSENSITIVE BODDY DAG AND AN UNCOMMONLY ROTTEN CRITIC OF MY WRITING. BUT HE WAS A GOOD GUY- A GOOD GUY FOR MATERIAL. YOU THINK WE AUTHORS HAVE AN EASY TIME MAKING UP IDIOTS LIKE HIM?

I SUPPOSE, IN RETROSPECT, IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT DENNIS WOULD GO NUTS. IN A SCENARIO LIKE THIS YOU WOULD TOO. SOMEHOW HE HAD GOT HOLD OF A GUN AND SHOT 'KANGA' BILL IN A DRUNKEN AGREEMENT ABOUT WHETHER GLACIERS WERE MOVING INLAND. HE WENT ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE ON A RAMPAGE UNTIL HE WAS FINALLY SHOT AS HE ATTEMPTED TO STEAL AYERS ROCK...

OKAY, LAWSON - PUT IT DOWN AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!!

you've got to be bloody kidding -

THAT WAS NOT ALL. HE HAD LEFT WITH VERONICA HIS LEGACY. AS SOON AS THE GOSSIP SPREAD, SHE WAS OSTRACIZED AND SOON LEFT TOWN~

THAT BOOK ON QUANTUM MECHANICS CHANGED MY LIFE! I'M GOING TO THE UNITED STATES AND WORK WITH EINSTEIN!

BUT EINSTEIN'S DEAD, YOU STUPID BINT..

WELL, MAYBE HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT -

THEY NEVER COULD STAND UPPITY INTELLECTUALS. AND THAT WAS THE YEAR MY THROAT RIPPED. IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME I WOULD REMEMBER~

TO TELL THE TRUTH~

THAT ISN'T THE TRUTH AT ALL~

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED WAS THAT I UPPED AND LEFT THE WHOLE ROTTEN TOWN! I COULDN'T STAND THEM! THE FUNCTIONAL ILLITERATE PLEBS!

NOW I WORK AS A HACK T.V. WRITER FOR SOAP OPERAS. NOTHING TRAGIC EVER REALLY HAPPENED TO LAWSON. VERONICA MARRIED HIM AND FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND HE'D BECOME A MILLIONAIRE ELECTRONICS WHIZ FOUND OF PRACTICAL JOSES - LAST THING HE DID WAS STEAL SOME BABY FROM SOME COUPLE AND MADE IT LOOK LIKE A DINGO DID IT - I BET HE'S STILL LAUGHING AT THAT ONE~

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND - PEOPLE ARE MATERIAL - I'VE GOT TO REWRITE THEM INTO MY VIEW AND MAKE THEM THEMATICALLY VALID ~MY WAY! AND I KNOW - I JUST KNOW I'M BETTER THAN THE INSENSITIVE LOUYS! BETTER THAN YOU ALL!

I'LL JUST KEEP WRITING...

I'VE MADE IT TO INSIGNIFICANT! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL I'M FAMOUS - OR AT LEAST FASHIONABLY UNKNOWN...

GA 88.

TIP 2' JAP - THUMP 2 THUMP - THUMP THUMP  
THUMP THUMP

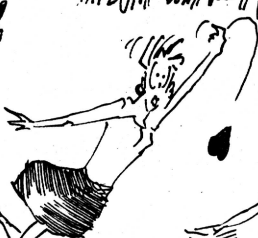


THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

THUMP TRA2 SUMP BUMP WUMPT

AMP AMP/Thru

2TH·THU·THUMP·THUMP·THUMP  
KFB? THUMP·THUMP·THUMP



THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THU-

*CLAKZAK CLAKZAK CLAKZUM! THUMP ATHUMP ATHUMP ATHUMP ATHUMP ATHUMP*

— Shake.



~~THUMP!~~ 2-THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP - Ah — UMP.

• Shake -

Shake

SHANE  
SHANE  
SHANE  
2  
2



THUMP/THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

WHY DO YOU KEEP DOING THIS TO ME?

Thurs



Gr-



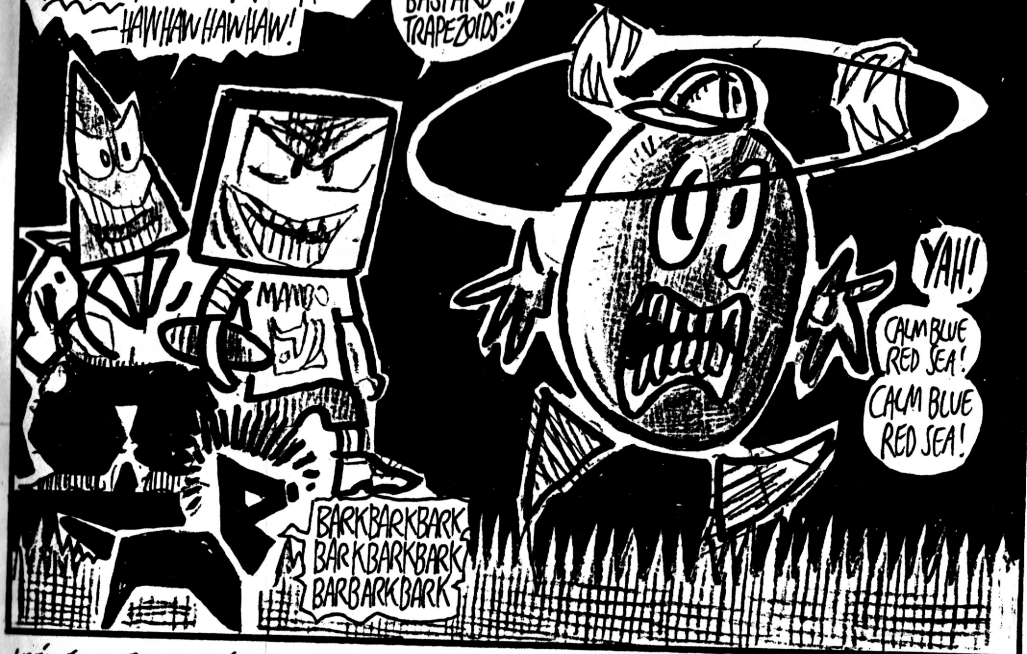
WHAT EVER BECAME OF A CERTAIN CIRCLE ON CHRISTIAN TELEVISION? YOU KNOW HIM NOT. THEN LET ME TELL YOU OF

# THE EPIPHANIES OF ST. JOT!

HEY~GIT!-SATAN WILL  
GIVE HIS SIGNAL-AND  
DESTROY THE WORLD ANEW!  
-HAWHAWHAWHAW!

L'L' GIT'S FOLKS  
'GOT BENT  
OUTTA SHAPE  
SCREWING  
BASTARD  
TRAPEZOIDS!"

NOOOO THEY DIDN'T THEY WOULDNT- I FEEL LIKE~  
~YOU MUST NOT LET THE UNENLIGHTENED ANGER YOU,  
SAINT JOT~OR THE TINY FANGS WILL ASSAIL YOU~



LET'S FACE IT- LIFE AIN'T EASY  
BEING A BOUNCING BALL OF  
FEAR AND FAITH IN GEOMETRIC  
VILLAGE~YOU PUT ON A FRONT-

ENARGH!!

~BUT THEM RELIGIOUS SEIZURES 'LL GET  
YOU WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT~

YES- THEY ARE  
THE POORER-  
FOR I KNOW  
THE PURITY-  
THE DIVINITY-





-AND YES, WHY NOT THE FLAMES?  
FOR IS NOT JOT THE LIVING  
REINCARNATION OF JOAN OF ARC?



WITH THAT TUBERCULOZO  
TUMOUR IN HIS BRAIN INDUC-  
ING VOICES AND VISIONS, HE'S  
CERTAINLY GOT STREET CRED -  
JUST LIKE JOAN DID~



UNLIKE JOAN, THO, THERE'S NO POSTHUMOUS  
REDEMPTION OF A GHASTLY MISTAKE A-  
WAITIN'! (COULD HE JUST BE A GIMP  
WITH MISPLACED SPIRITUAL PRIORITIES?)

YUP~ THE KID'S GOT  
PROBLEMS!!

YOU WILL ALL PERISH IN  
FIRE~ UNREDEEMED!

GET  
BENT,  
CUE  
BALL!

AND-AND YOU CAN GO  
SUFFER BY YOURSELF-  
SEE IF I CARE!

'YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MOST PURE AND  
TRUSTFUL SERVANT - NOW PEOPLE  
MAY BATHE AND BAPTISE THEMSELVES  
MOST THOROUGHLY - EVEN THE NAUGHTY BITS -

COOL!

RETARD!

SOC-  
CER ME OFF  
IN TONGUES,  
'GIT' - GET  
IT? SOC-  
CER ME  
OFF!!

~ I THINK I'LL GO AND VISIT  
MY ONE AND ONLY FRIEND  
ST SIMEON STYLITE AND SEE  
WHAT IMPRUDENT AUSTERITIES  
HE'S UP TO - HE'S SUCH AN  
INSPIRATION!!!



'ST JOT - PICK UP THAT PIECE OF LIT-  
TER AND YOU WILL SAVE THE SOULS  
OF THOSE BODIES FLOATING DOWN IN-  
DIAN RIVERS, POLLUTING THE WATERS -



OH NO, IT'S  
THE MARTYR!

SURELY  
TOUCHED-

I'M NOT A VIOLENT MAN - BUT  
HE MAKES ME WANT TO BOMB  
A CHURCH--

I'M IGNORING  
YOUUU!! F

THE LORD IS MY  
SHEPHERD - I  
SHALL NOT DO  
THINGS WITH  
MY GENTALIA~

WAIT - I HAVE NO GENTACH!



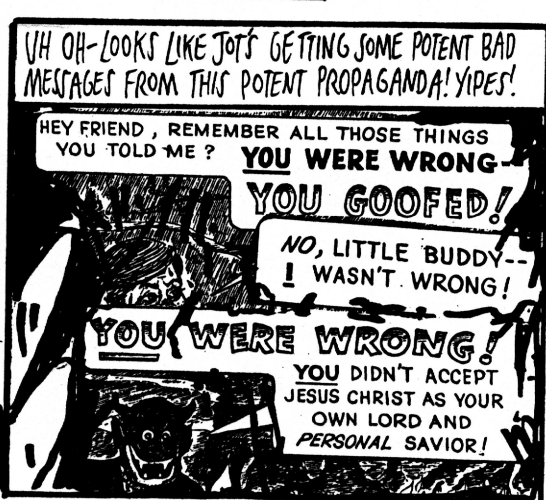
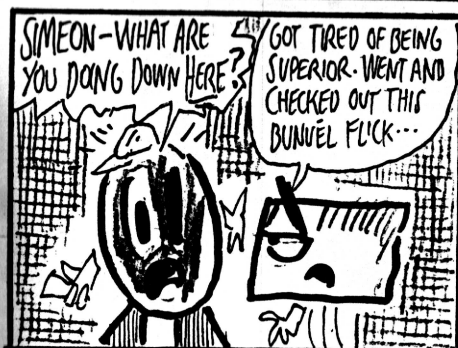
DO YOU THINK I WOULD PUT  
YOU INTO THIS WORLD WITH  
ANYTHING TO DISSUADE YOUR  
HOLY TASK?

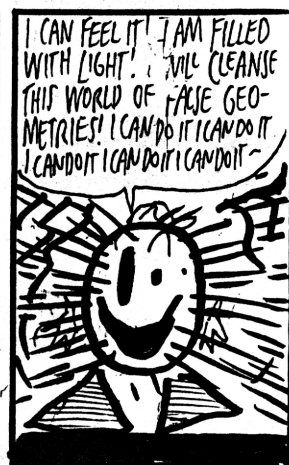


HI! YOU'RE  
CUTE!

SLUT OF BABYLON - MY  
PENIS IS IN THE CARE OF GOD!!







~AND LEAVING THE WORLD NO POORER, LITTLE JOT ENDED HIS OWN. SO MUCH FOR THAT MALICIOUS RELIGIOUS GLEE OF THE RIGHTEOUS, WHO DELIGHT IN SUCH TWISTED SADISM.

*Gary.*

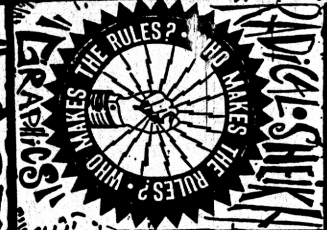




Paint a RAINBOW

# OFFAL OF ELECTRIC FERRET!

#1  
\$2.50 BUY!



< AND WHEN HE CROSSED THE BRIDGE, THE DEMONS CAME TO GET HIM...  
 NOT MUCH FUN IN THAT, IS THERE. Ah, well, DIFFERENT PURSUITS —  
 DIFFERENT PURSUERS...

THIS IS NO #1 OF A SPECIAL REPRINT OF THE BEST — THE OFFAL —  
 OF ELECTRIC FERRET — REASON BEING IS THAT THIS IS TO REACH A WHOLE  
 STACK OF NEW 'UNS — H'YALL ~ TO MY SCRAGGLY MEANDERINGS. SINCE  
 'ELECTRIC FERRET' (SOME 27 ISSUES AND SEVERAL YEARS PEDIGREE)  
 BECAME 'MODERN MODERN' WITH #28, IT WAS A GOOD TIME TO BRING  
 OUT THE OLD, RING OUT THE NEW. AND ALSO — LET ME MAKE THIS CLEAR —  
 I AM NOT REPRINTING ANY ELECTRIC FERRETS! THESE COLLECTIONS ARE IT!!

AS TO THIS ONE, THIS IS THE 'FUNSIES' I CAN LIVE WITH. I DON'T  
 CURE OUT CRAZY SHIT GOING ON IN 'M-M'. ~ CAN'T HOLD DOWN MY JUMOURS-  
 HUMOURS — (I MEAN HUMOURS!) ~ BUT IT'S LIKELY THE 'WEIRD STREET KITTENS'  
 WILL HOLD UP THE WEIRDNESS FRONT. I'M GOIN' ON — YOU WANT THE 'SAME',  
 GO READ VIZ, MAD OR THE TIRE SOME RAGS OF YOUR EMPTY CHOICE — GHA!

OFFAL OF ELECTRIC FERRET #1 — 'FUNSIES' IS PUBLISHED BY RADICAL  
 SHEIKH GRAPHICS / GERARD ASHWORTH. ALL MATERIAL IS © COPYRIGHT G. ASH-  
 WORTH, IN ALL THEIR RESPECTIVE YEARS. FIRST PRINTING, JUNE 1995. AND IF YOU  
 LIKED WHAT YOU SAW INSIDE AND WANT MORE LIKE IT — PLUMS OUTTA CUCK, ANY-YA-SH!

WEIRD  
STREET  
KITTENS

GERARD ASHWORTH  
 7-7 TO QUEENSCLIFF RD,  
 QUEENSCLIFF, N.S.W., AUST, 2096  
 SEND S.A.I.E. FOR BACK ISSUE LIST!!

MODERN  
MURDER